

# TRAVELED TRAILS





To my descendents who shall  
never have the pleasure of  
traveling the trails I have  
traveled.

Those old trails are gone,  
Those old times are past,  
And as I travel on  
Only the memories last.

M. J.

To Tony - my first &  
Gson chronogically  
Love &  
Grandad



1934 12 10  
I am prepared to like you  
Although I may not say so  
I'll take you at your value,  
For you, you're worth a lot.

For your friendship I'll not say  
And I have none to sell,  
But if you wish to stay  
We'll get along real well.

I'll be a friend to you  
For all the good you do  
If you wish to stay  
I'll be a friend to you

# YESTERDAY'S plowed under





## CODE OF THE WEST

I am prepared to like you  
Although I know you not.  
I'll take you at face value,  
To me, your past is naught.

For your friendship I'll not pay  
And I have none to sell,  
But if we meet each half way  
We'll get along real well.

I'll lend you a helping hand  
For as long as you may stay.  
But all alone you will stand  
If you brush my hand away.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## PRESTIGE

Names didn't mean much in the West,  
They'll call you what they think is best.  
I knew a guy completely bald,  
"Curley" is what he was called.

If you were tall, and past forty,  
You would be known as "Old Shorty".  
If you were short, five feet two,  
"Big slim" was the name for you.

A friend of mine, "Whispering Ray"  
Could be heard a mile away.  
He had a brother "Noisy Ed",  
You couldn't hear a word he said.

They never heard of "Who is Who"  
And cared less of "Elite Review."  
Names didn't mean which was best,  
"Character" is what built the West.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## THE BUNKHOUSE

Put your bedroll on the bed  
Toss your war bag on the floor  
Pot-bellied stove glowing red  
Who could ask for more?

Hi Bill, good to see you back  
Things are dull with you away.  
Come sit in and buy a stack,  
And show us how to play.

A poker game is going strong  
It was payday yesterday.  
Tomorrow I'll sing a different song  
If I loose all my pay.

Bull Durham smoke, too thick to cut  
Is hanging overhead  
Since I don't have any luck,  
I guess I'll go to bed.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### THE LIVERY BARN

Put my horse in a stall  
And see that he has hay  
He deserves it, after all  
He was ridden hard today.

Brush and curry him real good  
Then let him drink his fill  
Care for him as you should  
And I will foot the bill.

A feed of oats will do no harm  
And he deserves the best  
While in the hayloft of your barn  
I'll try to get some rest.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### COW COUNTRY CAFE

Hello there, Good Looking  
What have you good to eat?  
If you serve the cookin'  
It is a special treat.

I'd like some buckwheat cakes  
A quart of black coffee  
If you have T-bone steaks  
Just warm one up for me.

Some mashed spuds and gravy  
And bread and butter too  
Should be enough for me  
And I can make it do.

I'd like some apple pie  
With ice cream on the top.  
I like to eat, don't deny,  
But I know when to stop.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## AT THE WATERHOLE

Hia Pete, long time me no see.  
I see that you wintered well,  
And you are just as ornery,  
And just as full of hell.

It's hard for you to hold a job,  
(And you are a good cowpoke)  
But you are always on the prod,  
And cannot take a joke.

I mind the time your hoss threw you  
Into the prickly pear.  
The words of wrath you can spew,  
Would singe the Devil's hair.

I have never had such fun,  
I laughed until I cried,  
To see you picking, one by one,  
Stickers from your backside.

And then you found the cockle burr  
Under your saddle blanket.  
You said I was a low-down cur,  
And some things I'd best forget.

You say that I'm not funny,  
And wish that I'd be gone.  
You never were real chummy,  
So I'll be riding on.

-Wm. Trenholme

## AS TOLD A TENDERFOOT

When I was just a little sprout  
To a ranch I hired out.  
I thought that I was quite a man  
Doing work the big ones can.

Thirty a month, board and room,  
I'd have it made pretty soon.  
"We eat at five", the boss man said,  
Then he showed me to my bed.

I staked my hoss behind the barn  
Where he could graze and do no harm.  
I used a rawhide lariat  
Which stretches out when it gets wet.

I went out at half past nine  
And hollered loud "It's roll out time!"  
Next morning at dawns first crack  
The echo was just coming back.

"Roll out time" the echo said,  
But I stayed there in my bed.  
Then I heard the boss man shout  
"You roll up, if you can't, roll out".

I heated water in a pan,  
I would shave, just like a man.  
And when I threw the water out  
Steam rolled up as from a spout.

We were having a cold spell,  
The water froze before it fell.  
And you can believe it or not,  
The ice I touched still was hot.

(Continued Page 10)



(Continued from Page 9)

There'd been a rain in the night  
And my hoss was out of sight.  
The rope had stretched out until  
He was grazing 'round the hill.

I knew then before too late  
That herding cows was not my fate.  
So I bought ten thousand bees,  
I could herd them as I please.

I crossed them with glow worms bright  
So they would work both day and night.  
They could gather lots of honey,  
So I was really making money.

But it turned dry, flowers few,  
Nothing to drink but morning dew.  
They wanted to go home again  
And I didn't have a holding pen.

I woke up at break of day  
And found that they had flown away.  
I tracked them all that day,  
I was lost, so were they.

I don't know what happened then  
'Cause I was never seen again.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## THE LONE TREE

A lone tree grows beside the trail  
Out there on the plains  
Nourished by the summer rains  
It can survive the winter gale.

Many a camp has been made  
By many a weary one  
Seeking shelter from the sun  
Within its welcome shade.

It has secrets all untold  
Of things which happened there,  
It has been a place of prayer,  
And once it was a scaffold.

Thank God for that lone tree,  
For letting it survive.  
May it always live and thrive  
And benefit humanity.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## COW COUNTRY SALOON

Pour me a drink, bartender,  
'Bout four fingers in a glass.  
When I go on a bender  
I like to go first class.

I see the others all drink beer,  
They must be pantywaists.  
I thought I'd find he-men here  
With a hard liquor taste?

Fill my glass again, barkeep,  
And I'll be on my way.  
I'll meander down the street  
And have my fun another day.

He downed his drink as 'twas tea  
And soon I heard him shout.  
I looked out in time to see  
The he-man, as he passed out.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## PAY DAY

I'd had a drink or two,  
A quart of gin, a quart of brew,  
When two snakes crawled the table leg  
And a drink they tried to beg.

Now I know snakes from 'A' to 'Z'  
So I'll call these two 'A' and 'B'.  
'A' started gulping down my gin  
When 'B' just up and tackled him.

'B' grabbed 'A' by the tail  
And hung right on, tooth and nail.  
'A' saw the edge 'B' had on him  
And knew his chance was mighty slim.

'A' tried to retaliate  
And grabbed the tail of old 'B' snake.  
'A' bit hard and made 'B' holler,  
Then they both began to swaller.

"Bartender, bring me another snort  
'Cause bothe these snakes are gettin' short."  
But when he came 'twas as I feared,  
Both of them had disappeared.

They had swallowed one another,  
And I tell you, my brother,  
If ever I take another drink  
Those two snakes will make me think.

Bartender, don't call me a souse!  
Hey, how about one on the house?

-Wm. Trenholme-



## A COWBOY'S VACATION

We had saved our money  
And to Cheyenne we'd go.  
The "Frontier Days" we would see,  
The "Granddad of the rodeo."

We had been in dust and dirt  
Out there on the range,  
To see the other fellow work  
Would be a pleasant change.

So we stabled our "broncs"  
And bathed (in the water trough)  
Then headed for the honkey tonks,  
Which were not too far off.

"Maybe we should find a room"  
The youngest waddie said.  
They'll be full pretty soon,  
And we won't have a bed.

What do we want of a room?  
We came to have some fun,  
The rodeo is over soon,  
Three more days and it is done.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## THE RANGE CON-MAN

Big Bud, the bunkhouse bully,  
Was a man you couldn't please.  
Bragged he was wild and wooly,  
And likewise full of fleas.

He was big, as big as an ox,  
And almost half as smart.  
With a crafty grin like a slinky fox,  
And cowardly mean clear to the heart.

We were gathered 'round the cook fire,  
When a kid first rode in sight.  
Said he and his horse would hire,  
And asked to stay for the night.

He had been riding the grub line  
And said his name was Jones,  
He was small and drawn too fine,  
And his horse was a bag of bones.

Big Bud thought he'd be funny  
And with a sneering smile on his face,  
Walked over and said "Sonny,  
I'm callin' you to a race".

"Me and my horse are hazy,  
Been ridin' hard all day.  
While your as fresh as a daisy,  
What kind of odds would ya pay"?

"Sixty to forty, if you've the jack"  
The kid just nodded his head.  
"Down to the creek then come back,  
The money here on the barrel head".

(Continued on Page 16)



(Continued from Page 15)

They both got into the leather,  
Big Bud was having his fun.  
I got them started together  
And so the race begun.

Away they went in a cloud of dust  
The kid up front from the start.  
Down to the creek hell for bust  
And comin' back like a dart.

The kid was leadin' all the way,  
Big Bud was lookin' mean.  
The kid slowed down and grabbed his pay  
And left the barrel head clean.

He rode right on over the hill,  
Same way he had come.  
I followed him as the curious will  
To see what he had done.

Over the hill he had a camp,  
And spare horses too.  
Then I knew the willy scamp  
Had played a trick or two.

I should have known right from the start  
That Big Bud had been took,  
For the horse and rider, playing it smart,  
Were both in the racing book.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## THE HORSE TRADER

He's all horse, just look at him,  
Shoulders wide, legs are slim.  
Age don't hurt him a bit  
Go for miles, never quit.  
Look at that coat, see that sheen  
Best li'l hoss I've ever seen.  
I feel I'm giving him away.  
Is it a deal? What do you say?

His teeth shows eight, and no less  
How much more is just a guess.  
His coat looke good, at first glance  
What I don't like, is his pants.  
When I'm rounding up my beeves  
I don't want a horse with heaves.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## THE TIN HORN

Come and try your luck, my friend  
We will have a friendly game.  
We have lots of time to spend  
And you'll be glad you came.

He shuffled, I cut the deck  
Then he began to deal  
No slight move could I detect  
No uneasiness did I feel.

I had three Kings, a pair of Jacks,  
He was looking woe begone  
I pushed in all my stacks  
And so the bet was on.

He met my bet with a smile  
And then lay down his hand.  
He raked in all of the pile  
But I couldn't understand.

And then I saw the fourth Ace  
It was hard for me to believe  
That one with such an honest face  
Would hold them in his sleeve.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## SPACE AGE COWBOY

Old cowboys never die  
Nor do they fade away.  
Their image changes by and by,  
In keeping with the day.

A vanishing breed? Don't make me laugh,  
There are more of them than ever,  
Though they wouldn't know a dogie calf  
From a sheepherders old bell wether.

Boots and spurs, and plug of "Star"  
Just bought from the corner store.  
Couldn't ride in an old freight car  
With their shirt-tails tacked to the floor.

They ride the range in an airplane  
In an air-conditioned cab  
Sheltered from the sleet and rain  
With modern CB's gab.

Or off they go in a pickup  
Into the setting sun  
In one hand, a Dixie cup  
And their day's work is done.

-Wm. Trenholme-



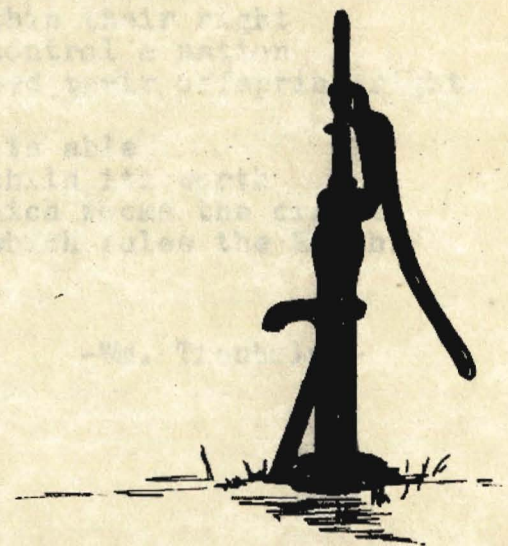
### AN OLD COWHAND'S PLEA

I guess I've lived long enough,  
Wasting your time and mine.  
Things are getting kinda rough,  
I've lived beyond my time.

I have wasted time you gave,  
Please listen to my plea.  
Before I go to my grave,  
Please, God, forgive me.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## TICK TOCKS OF TIME





## MOTHER

God bless those hands old and sere  
Which cared for me year to year.  
Always willing, quelling despair,  
They were rough, worn with care.  
But, O how soft when they caressed,  
Give them peace - Eternal rest.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## MOTHERHOOD

Into this world, Woman brings Man  
And she controls his destiny  
What he is, in life's span  
Is started at her knee.

There is truth in the old fable  
Told to us from birth  
"The hand which rocks the cradle  
Is the one which rules the Earth.

They ask for liberation  
Which is within their right  
They could control a nation  
If they raised their offspring right.

Woman alone is able  
To teach a child its worth  
"The hand which rocks the cradle  
Is the one which rules the Earth."

-Wm. Trenholme-



## RETROSPECT

I can't help it if I sigh  
When I think of time gone by.  
What I've done and what I've seen  
Seems almost a passing dream.

The lonesome coyotes haunting cry,  
Cold nose pointed towards the sky.  
Heard no more as time goes on,  
My ears are bad, the coyote's gone.

The far-off train, majestic steam  
Flashes on my memory's screen.  
The echo of the whistles wails  
As it sped along the rails.

The hay ride to a near by lake  
Young and old went there to skate.  
The big bonfire, the weenie roast  
Then home again, warm as toast.

Corn silk smokes behind the barn  
When we went to Granddads farm.  
I think he knew what we did  
Cause he himself was once a kid.

There were fights after school  
Not on school yard, against the rule.  
Next day they were friends again  
Guess fights were a growing pain.

I would not trade the things I've done  
For a like amount of modern fun.  
Nor would I trade what I've seen  
For the ransom of a queen.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## REFLECTION

This old house is mighty still  
Since the kids are gone.  
It's not used to this tranquil  
Instead of laughs and song.

We old ones have had our day  
And they must try their wings  
They have flown far away  
In search of better things.

But it seems that they are near  
Gathered 'round my knee,  
They will always be right here  
In my memory.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## HOME

I have, I know, a yen to go  
And see the "Other Side"  
But when I've seen towards home I lean  
Where I am satisfied.

So I go back to my old shack  
Up there on the Big Horn  
Where air is clean and peace serene  
As each new day is born.

Where geese fly high in clear blue sky  
Winging their southward way  
Leaving the cold to others bold  
With guts enough to stay.

Coyotes will cry from hills nearby  
And to the stars complain of bitter cold  
The nights will hold,  
And gnawing hunger pain.

The Northern lights will stab the nights  
With brilliance sharp and cold  
Then steal away at break of day  
It's mystery still untold.

Beaver will splash, stocking their cache  
Against the coming cold which holds them fast  
Till spring at last  
Breaks winter's icy hold.

Then soft spring rain will green again  
The grass on the valley's floor  
And winter's blast forgot at last  
As spring has come once more.

It's things like this I'll always miss  
And this much I'll confess,  
I feel alone away from home  
Home sick is all I guess.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## BLISS

When a little child  
Climbed upon my knee,  
Looked up at me and smiled,  
As happy as could be  
I didn't mind that he was wet,  
His face was dirty too,  
But I could not forget  
(As some others seem to do)  
He'll be a man tomorrow,  
And while growing old  
He'll have his share of sorrow  
Which life will always hold.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## GOD'S GIFT

When a little kid  
Takes you by the hand  
To tell you what he did,  
Try to understand.

If he has trust in you  
You should fill with pride,  
For he's one of the few  
Who'll stay there at your side.

He is God's Gift Supreme  
Sent down from up above  
Try to earn his esteem  
And he'll repay with love.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## HEARTACHE

A boy - a dog - a fishing pole,  
A can of bait - a lazy day,  
Heading for the fishing hole  
To while the time away.  
Carefree and happy, as God meant  
For all of us to be - content.

They were real friends, that dog and boy  
And they were never far apart,  
For in each other they found joy  
Something adults have lost at heart.  
Boy and dog could trust each other  
As few can do, with his brother.

A careless man - a car that speeds  
An hollow thud - a squeal of brakes  
A mangled dog there in the weeds  
A sobbing boy - a heart that aches.  
The man had gained, time to spend  
The boy had lost his trusting friend.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## AFTERGLOW

Sitting by the campfire,  
Watching the leaping flame  
Leap high, then higher,  
Then falling back again.

I can see those places  
Where I used to go.  
I see friendly faces  
Of ones I used to know.

I see happy children  
When I'd bring a treat,  
Rush up to me, and then  
With a kiss they'd greet.

All these things, etched in flame  
Upon my memory  
Let's me live once again  
The time that used to be.

Then as the embers glow then die  
In retrospect I see  
The past as it goes marching by  
To join me in eternity.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## ABANDONED HOUSE

An abandoned house beside the road  
A picture of despair,  
Gives my thoughts a heavy load  
To see it standing there.

Did once it harbor love undying  
And maybe sorrow too,  
Was it someone trying  
Just like me and you?

To build a home, a better life  
With peace and honor too,  
A place that banned the bitter strife  
Fate sometimes throws at you.

The crumbling chimneys, splintered floors,  
And walls of various hue,  
The broken windows, and open doors  
To let the wind go sobbing through.

How many secrets does it hold  
Of courage, hopes held high?  
How many stories all untold  
Of wishes left to die?

Within those walls life was born  
And death has walked this way  
And still it stands, all forlorn  
Its secrets there to stay.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## OLD HOME TOWN

I went back to the old home town  
After all these forty years  
Where as a boy I'd early known  
Joy and sorrow, hopes and fears.

As I walked a shady street  
My memories went rushing by  
On youthful, silent, ghostly feet,  
Echoing thoughts which never die.

Where once I knew each one I met,  
And strangers were unknown  
Now no answering smile I get  
In the town that once was home.

And when I asked of Tom or Joe  
My friends of yesterday,  
The answer is "I don't know,  
They've died or moved away."

I hadn't thought as time went by,  
And I had gone away  
Things would change, same as I  
And leave me alone today.

"Old sentimental fool" I fear  
Is what the people say  
When I shed a silent tear  
For those who died or moved away.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## DEDICATION

When I watch the clouds like fleece,  
Go slowly floating by,  
I give my thoughts a free leash  
To paint pictures in the sky.

I see a little, humble church  
Beside a county lane.  
I see the Parson in his search  
For those who hide in shame.

He is never paid in gold  
He works for love of God.  
He shepherds man to the fold  
With his staff and rod.

The offers of a wealthy parish  
He lets go by unheeded,  
To stay here is God's wish,  
He'll stay where he is needed.

And as the clouds move slowly on  
I see a barefoot lad  
Tell the preacher, "I've done wrong,  
I'm sorry I was bad."

"I cannot tell my Mother  
Of what I did today,  
And I know of no other  
Choice but to run away.

The preacher eased the boy's distress,  
And sent him home again.  
That is why I'll always bless  
The old parson by the lane.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Here it is, Christmas time  
The eightieth I have seen  
In memory these thoughts of mine  
Are like a pleasant dream.

Into our little, humble home  
Dad had brought a Christmas tree  
He and Mother, when all alone  
Had dressed it up for Jack and me.

Strands of snow-white popcorn  
Wrapped round and round the tree  
And popcorn balls helped adorn  
Cranberries, like a rosary.

Crepe paper ribbons from each bough  
And a tinfoil star on top  
These decorations you buy now  
But then, they couldn't be bought.

Under the tree, on Christmas morn  
Homemade taffy, pure and sweet  
Home-knit mittens, soft and warm  
The oranges were a special treat.

The Time is changing, stride by stride  
And maybe for the best.  
But give me an old-time Yuletide  
And you can have the rest.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## CIRCUS(1906)

The circus had come to our town,  
Acres of tents - pennants unfurled.  
Lions, tigers, monkey, and clown,  
To a small boy, a wonderful world.

Elephants pushing wagons around,  
Lining them for the parade.  
Stands were set up, where could be found  
Cracker Jacks, peanuts, and lemonade.

Excitement is here - can't stand still  
I have to see the whole show,  
Actors and clowns and Buffalo Bill  
The parade is ready to go.

Buffalo Bill, there in the lead  
Doffed his hat, then he bowed.  
Mounted on a snow-white steed  
Sitting there tall, stately, and proud.

Girls in spangles, pretty to see.  
A cowboy band playing real loud,  
While down the street, the calliope  
Belching steam in a great cloud.

Tigers and lions, pacing their cage  
Silently showing their discontent,  
While the bears, growling in rage  
Because their freedom was spent.

I remember, above them all  
The man on horse, with megaphone  
"The elephants are coming," he would call  
"Hold your horse," he'd intone.

(Continued on Page 33)

(Continued from Page 32)

I wouldn't trade this memory  
For a trip up to the moon.  
It will always mean to me  
That I wasn't born too soon.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## THE MEDICINE SHOW PITCH MEN

"Introducing Zita,"  
A dancer from the East,  
Supple as a cheeta  
That eastern jungle beast.

Her dance is most exotic,  
But free from vice or sin  
It is almost intoxic  
(That should pack the yokels in.)

"Ladies and Gents, step up near,  
I want you all to hear  
All about my magic cure  
Kills the pain you can't endure."

(It's alcohol and water  
I mixed it up last night  
With a pinch of red pepper  
It will cure them alright.)

If the rubes do complain  
And say I hoodwinked them,  
I won't have to explain  
'Cause I'll be gone by then.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## THE COUNTRY DANCE

How well do I recollect  
The old fashioned country dance  
It cast a spell, I feel it yet,  
Of friendship, pleasure, and romance.

The men all stood along the wall  
With nervous, shifting feet.  
The country girls, bless them all.  
With bashful smiles they'd greet.

The ladies from Homesteaders' Club  
Had tables at one end  
Piled high with homemade grub  
For those who had two bits to spend.

Sandwiches, pie, and cake no end,  
A cup of hot coffee.  
Those who hadn't two bits to spend,  
They got it all for free.

The fiddler tuned his violin,  
The organist tried her keys,  
A boy had an accordian,  
Which he began to squeeze.

They'd play a waltz and then a reel,  
And sometimes three or four.  
When they began to get the feel,  
Square dancers took the floor.

We'd dance until the break of day,  
And then we'd head for home.  
Another month we'd have to stay  
On the homestead, all alone.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## DAYS PLOWED UNDER

We had prepared to take a trip  
And we'd be gone two days.  
In the buckboard we would sit  
Behind a team of greys.

Town was eighteen miles away  
And three hours it would take.  
At my Uncles' we would stay  
While purchases we'd make.

We never locked up at all  
When we'd go away.  
"One in need may pay a call,"  
My Dad would always say.

When we returned we found a note  
Upon the kitchen table,  
"Thanks for the grub," was what he wrote  
"I slept out in your stable."

The dishes were washed up clean  
But had not been put away.  
He didn't want it to seem  
He'd covered up his stay.

These are times I would recall  
When honesty and pride  
Was something shared by most all  
But has withered and died.

A great many years have passed  
Since this remembered episode.  
But our house up to the last  
Welcomed travelers on the road.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### CRUMBS

An oldster once told me a tale  
Of when he was a lad,  
Of a mother thin and frail,  
Who was both Mother and Dad.

Their home, a hovel -- just a shack,  
On the outskirts of the town  
Just across the railroad track,  
Where it was tumbling down.

Their bed was made, upon the floor,  
Of rags and cast-off clothes.  
When the draught came thru the door,  
'Twas then they almost froze.

When the wind blew thru a crack,  
And blew the rags away,  
She would always put them back  
And try to make them stay.

At last, she took the kitchen door,  
And put it across the bed.  
The wind would blow the rags no more,  
And one small youngster said:

"I wonder what poor kids do  
When it blows up a storm,  
And have no home to go to,  
Or a nice door to keep them warm."

-Wm. Trenholme-

### WAGON TRAIN

The immigrants were pulling out  
With many a tear and farewell shout  
Courage was there and hope was strong  
With many a laugh and lusty song  
The wagon train went rolling on.

Across the prairie, day by day  
The oxen plodded on their way.  
The weak gave out, couldn't go along  
Leaving their burdens for the strong  
But the wagon train rolled on.

Food gave out and water was low  
Some were so weak they couldn't go.  
The strong grew weak, the weak passed on  
There were neither laughs nor song  
Still the wagon train rolled on.

Thanks to those who stood the test  
And made our homes here in the West.  
Because this is where I belong.  
Thanks to those who were strong  
And kept the wagons rolling on.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## THE PIONEER

The pioneers came, wagon and ox -  
With hope and courage too,  
Their worldly goods in the wagon box  
To carve a life anew.

His patient wife, with child unborn  
Sat high on the wagon seat,  
The family dog, tired and worn  
Under the wagon, out of the heat.

The pioneer walked, silent and grim  
With thoughtful, troubled mind.  
Had he been right - she'd trusted him.  
He'd pulled up stakes, left friends behind.

The sun beat down, day after day  
The shimmering heat waves dance,  
But still they plodded on their way  
With never a backward glance.

At last they came to journey's end  
A valley green and wide.  
Here their lives they'd share and spend  
And trust in God, live side by side.

They built their home, it was of sod,  
And far from those who cared,  
Their only nighbor, Almighty God,  
Who gave them strength when they despaired.

But a cruel Fate soon took a hand,  
As it so often will,  
And lift a blight upon the land  
With two crude crosses on the hill.

(Continued on Page 39)

(Continued from Page 38)

The Pioneer left, he was all alone,  
Contentment now he'd never find,  
He'd staked his all in this pioneer home,  
Now all he had was a tortured mind.

The soddie stands, crumbling down,  
There's nothing left of home,  
The mounds are flat, the crosses gone,  
And Nature has reclaimed her own.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## TAPS

When I stand on the battle ground  
Of the Little Big Horn River,  
Where threads of life were unwound,  
Then gathered up by the Giver,  
I almost hear each silent prayer  
Of those whose doom was sealed.  
It seems as though I too were there,  
On that bloody battlefield.

The scattered headstones on the slope,  
And on the hill o'er there  
Bespeaks a soldiers' one small hope-  
A hope that's born of his despair.  
"God let me make it o'er the hill  
If it's in your scheme of things,  
If not, help me accept your will  
And take with courage what it brings."

At each white and silent headstone  
A man lay down his life,  
So you and I could have a home  
Free of terror and of strife.  
I can't blame the man of red,  
He too fought for a home  
There'd been no need for blood to shed  
If he'd been left alone.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## NOSTALGIA

I like to camp on a forest trail  
In a lonely mountain dell,  
To hear the coyotes frenzied wail  
Like insane laughter out of hell.

Like to go up a mountain stream  
And leave my worries far behind,  
To hear the lofty eagle scream  
His defiance to mankind.

Spend the night in a mountain glade  
In blankets 'neath a starry sky,  
Hear the bull frogs serenade,  
That, is natures lullaby.

I like to see the rising sun  
Reflect on a snow capped peak,  
I like to know the day's begun  
And hear Mother Nature speak.

If you've not heard the mourning dove  
When calling to its' mate,  
Then you have missed a song of love  
Which nature would relate.

I like to wander where I please  
And to hear the wild goose call.  
If you have not heard all of these  
Then you haven't lived at all.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## NATURES CLASSROOM

When you look up into a tree  
And see a squirrel peek 'round a limb,  
An eye, and ear, is all you see,  
And that's all you'll see of him.

I move around, so does he,  
Always keeping out of sight.  
'Till he has outwitted me  
And lost himself in stealthy flight.

I see a doe with fawn at side  
Come slowly from the brush  
Ready to run or hide,  
If sound should break the hush.

When she's convinced there's no harm  
She grazes peacefully,  
But if there's cause for alarm  
Back to cover she will flee.

I saw a dove upon her nest  
And I know that she saw me.  
I knew that she would do her best  
To lure me from her nesting tree.

She fluttered to the ground  
Feigning a broken wing,  
And when I followed her around  
She flew off like everything.

The meadow larks with golden throats  
Sing all along the way.  
The music of the liquid notes  
Fill with joy this sunny day.

(Continued on Page 42)



(Continued from Page 41)

A meadow lark is defensless,  
On flight she must depend.  
She must always build her nest  
Where her colors blend.

Nature tries for perfection  
And can't tolerate mistakes.  
Life must meet her selection  
If it lives and propagates.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### THE DESERT

Have you seen the desert when it first awakes  
Before the cruel heat, a place of torture makes?  
A cactus wren darts here and there,  
The birds begin to sing.  
A soaring hawk, high in the air  
On wide, outspreading wing.  
It is a time to eat their fill,  
Enough to last all day,  
For in the heat, they'll be still  
And in the shade they'll stay.

At noon, a harsh, unfriendly land  
Rocks and cactus, hot, glaring sand.  
It's no place for man to dwell  
Or try to make a home.  
It would be a living hell  
It wants to be left alone.

The sun goes down, a flaming ball  
And silence reigns o'er all.  
Now and then an owl is heard,  
Or sleepy twitter of a bird.  
The harsh desert, at day's close  
Is like a maiden in repose.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### THE STORM

Storm clouds sped across the skies  
And the wind begins to rise.  
And with angry shrieks of wrath  
Threatens all within its path.

The lightening tears the clouds asunder  
Followed by the crack of thunder.  
And as the black clouds neared  
The lowering sun had dissappeared.

Wild life fled, terror borne,  
Seeking shelter from the storm.  
Rain and hail pelted the earth  
As the wind howeled with its mirth.

Grass and flowers cut and torn,  
Stripped of folige by the storm.  
Trees uprooted, fences down,  
Devistation all around.

Then the wind, its lust appeased,  
Softened to a gentle breeze.  
Lightening flashes on the ebb,  
Then I knew the storm had fled.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## BIG SKY COUNTRY

I belong to the West  
And she belongs to me  
From her plains to mountain crest  
I'll guard her jealously.

Stars so clear and so thick,  
So bright and all aglow  
I could reach up and pick  
If I would stand on tip toe.

The Big Dipper seems to spill  
Stars for the Milky Way  
The North Star, bright and chill  
To guide you on your way.

The Borealis (Northern Lights)  
The searchlights of the skys  
Light up the clear autumn nights  
Then slowly fades and dies.

She has streams of melted snow  
That rushes to the sea  
Quenching thirst of those below  
Who grasp it greedily.

She has spaces lonely  
With silences so vast  
That it echoes only  
All the secrets of her past.

Don't come here to despoil  
Or trouble you shall glean  
It's my air and my soil  
I want to keep it clean.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## TO A STREAM

What's your hurry, little stream  
To leave your mountain home?  
Here, you are pure and clean  
With a beauty all your own.

You skip so happily along,  
Dancing from stone to stone  
Singing a cheerful little song  
In a restful, soothing tone.

As you flow from town to town,  
Losing your purity  
Your smile will turn to a frown  
Before you reach the sea.

There you'll lie and wait at sea,  
Awaiting for your turn  
When you can come back to me  
Then as snow you will return.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### THE PROSPECTOR

Gold - my elusive sweetheart,  
Always there, just ahead  
I've followed you from the start  
And what a chase you've led.

I can hear your teasing voice  
Just around the next bend  
But I haven't any choice,  
I'll follow to the end.

You have been my darling,  
You have been my life.  
I would give most anything  
If you would be my wife.

I know I'll find you sometime  
You can't hide forever  
And when I do, sweetheart mine,  
We'll always stick together.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### GRUBSTAKE

I know where there's lots of gold  
Awaiting for me to take  
You'll have riches all untold  
If you give me a grubstake.

I'll cut you in for half a share  
For a few supplies  
I'll start while weather's fair  
And return when snow flies.

Its up high where game abounds  
And there's darn good fishin'  
I will need a hundred rounds  
Of rifle ammunition.

My "Rocky Mountain canary"  
Will follow me all day  
She and I can carry  
Enough for quite a stay.

Four pounds Arbuckels' coffee  
A side of bacon, too  
To keep me happy as can be  
A box of "Star" to chew.

I'll need sugar, a pound will do,  
And twenty-five pounds of flour,  
I'd better take some soda, too  
For when my stomach's sour.

The pinto beans, I will shun  
The altitude's too high  
They won't cook 'till they're done  
No matter how you try.

Early mornin' I'll be goin'  
Before the break of day  
When you hear the rooster crowin'  
I'm a long time on my way.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## CABIN FEVER

It's not my fault that we're snowbound  
Don't lay the blame on me.  
Snow and silence all around  
As far as you can see.

For six days you've been quiet  
I guess I have been too.  
Bread and beans a steady diet,  
It's not too good for you.

I scorched the beans yesterday  
You almost lost your head  
To get even, in your way  
Today you burned the bread.

Our partnership's been shaken  
And we're both to blame  
But there's riches to be taken  
When we can work the claim.

Twice I've read our only book  
Which used to take a year  
God, I wish it would chinook  
And let us out of here.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## MEXICO

This is Mexico, enchanted Land,  
Happiness and poverty, hand in hand.  
On each morning a new day starts  
With smiles on faces, songs in hearts.

A people with cause, for a great sorrow  
Keep hope alive with faith in tomorrow.  
Ones with burdens hard to withstand  
Will greet you with a wave of the hand.

If our conditions were in reverse  
Would we be better, or maybe worse?  
I'll withhold judgment, until I know  
Which way will lead me where I should go.

In our lives, how must we measure  
Should wealth come first or should pleasure?  
Banks lend gold, this you can borrow,  
But you must repay on some tomorrow.

Happiness is not legal tender  
Although poor be a big spender.  
A smile is good, wherever you go  
It has "Face Value" in old Mexico.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### TOPOLO BAMPA

I have camped down Mexico way  
On Topolo's rocky bay.  
A tiny town, an ancient place  
Hanging from a mountain's face.

The fishing fleet is out to sea,  
So very few men you'll see.  
But at night, a light will burn  
To guide them on a safe return.

The lights reflect on gentle swell,  
To let them know all is well.  
The tolling of a convent bell  
"All is right," it seems to tell.

The soothing tone of a violin  
Makes you feel you're close to Him.  
Today is past, quell your sorrow,  
Put all your faith in tomorrow.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### SKID ROW

In a corner saloon an old man sat,  
Ragged coat and worn out hat,  
Hands that shook, rough red face,  
Bleary eyes that stared into space.

The Juke Box sobbed a mournful tune  
And as he glanced around the room  
He saw two-bits upon the floor  
Someone had dropped beside the door.

He edged his way along the wall,  
He picked it up and didn't fall  
But straight to the bar he made his way,  
In a gravelly voice I heard him say.

"Skid-row champagne and make it fast  
I have a date to live in the past,  
Since I am old, and beaten too  
There's not much else that I can do."

No future at all, the present won't last  
No place to go but back to the past.  
He downed his wine then back to his chair  
To live in his past, let's leave him there.

I do not sneer as I pass him by  
"But for the grace of God there goes I."  
When I'm discouraged and feeling low  
I think of the guys along Skid Row.

My lot is better, better by far  
Than the derelicts in a Skid-row Bar.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### THAT ONE STEP

I saw a drunk along the street  
Shabby, forlorn, lonesome and beat.  
What misstep, I wondered then  
Had dropped him from the role of man.

Maybe some sorrow put him there,  
Loss of loved ones hard to bear.  
Misplaced trust in a so called friend  
Or too weak temptation to fend.

I know I must not censor him  
And it is not for me to say  
Because I too have been  
That one little step away.

I saw a thief skulk away,  
Couldn't bear the light of day.  
What misstep has made him fall  
Into the realm of no recall?

Was it hunger, or maybe greed  
That made him steal to fill his need?  
Did some twist in mind make him start  
The dumb could work, he was too smart?

There are many who do not drink  
And to rob they wouldn't think,  
But there are few who can say  
They were never "that one step away."

-Wm. Trenholme-

### PRE-PROHIBITION

I walked thru the bat-wing doors  
Of the old saloon.  
Groups of shiny cuspidors  
Were scattered 'round the room.

There was sawdust on the floor.  
Fighters' photos on the wall.  
Sullivan, Corbet, Archie Moore,  
And Jefferies, before his fall.

A free lunch was on the bar,  
Baloney - cheese and liverwurst,  
Salted peanuts in a jar,  
All were meant to start a thirst.

A sickly youth played a song  
On the old piano,  
You could see it won't be long  
'Till its time for him to go.

He had not friends nor family  
To grieve at his passing,  
His life had been a misery.  
"Oh death, where is thy sting?"

-Wm. Trenholme-



### BULLY BOY

He strode into the pool hall  
On a cold and wintry night  
Glared and sneered at us all  
"Does anyone here want to fight?"

"I'm an old and mangy coyote  
And it's my night to howl.  
Someone hold my hat and coat,  
I'll fight you fair or foul."

"I think that you are yellow,"  
He said to "Peaceful Sam."  
"You're a likely looking fellow,  
Whose face I'd like to slam."

Sam wasn't very much for size,  
But he was quite a man  
His looks had never won a prize  
He was just our "Peaceful Sam."

Sam stood up and looked at him,  
He didn't like to fight,  
But he landed on his chin  
A sleep-producing right.

Then out the door Sam strutted  
To his shack upon the ridge.  
It's said that he once butted  
A bull right off the bridge.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### MEN I'VE KNOWN

I've known men, black as coal  
with a heart as true as gold.  
Black of skin, but white of soul  
they were cast in God's own mold.

I've known men, white of skin  
with a heart as black as coal  
Men, who for the sake of sin  
had sold their mortal soul.

Let's not condemn another race  
because it's brown or red.  
Let's forget about their face  
and see their soul instead.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## WE AS CHRISTIANS LOST THE WAY

There are those who hunger know,  
While our storehouses overflow.  
A little child is made to pay  
Cause "We as Christians lost the way."

A teen-age boy on foreign soil  
Sent abroad to fight for oil.  
Some Mother's son shall die today  
Cause "We as Christians lost the way."

Is it true Christianity  
To persecute minority?  
Must graft and greed forever sway  
Cause "We as Christians lost the way?"

If power is the thing we seek  
Must we keep all others weak?  
Politics? Just a game we play  
While we as Christians loose the way.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## HOBO PETE'S ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

Down beside the railroad track  
Far from any town  
Hobo Pete and his partner Jack  
Had watched the sun go slowly down.

Just kicked off a hi-balling freight  
In a desolate no-mans land,  
Been twelve hours since they ate,  
Down on the Rio Grande.

They'd fallen hard and Pete was hurt  
And very still was lying,  
Jack sat there in the road-bed dirt,  
And knew that Pete was dying.

Pete sat up and tried to rise,  
He was out of his head.  
He looked up at the desert skies  
And this is what he said:

"If I only had some eggs,  
Its hungry that I am,  
I'd have me some ham and eggs  
If I only had the ham.

Now on Rock Candy Mountain  
Where all good hoboes go  
Coffee spouts from a fountain  
And sandwich bushes grow.

The box cars have a cushioned seat  
The brakemen all are kind  
The train will stop to let you eat  
And you're not left behind."

Then Pete lay back breathing fast  
Each breath Jack was counting,  
And Pete had gone he knew at last  
To his ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN.

-Wm. Trenholme-



WOOO WOOO WOO WOO

An engineer named Cotton Jack  
Since 1922  
Has et up a lot of track  
All for the CB&Q.

One hand on the throttle  
'Cause he's raring to go  
One hand on the whistle  
And he is ready to blow.

He eased on the steam  
And took up his slack  
And with eyes all agleam  
He et up the track.

Woooo Woooo Woo Woo  
Is what his whistle said  
Woooo Woooo Woo Woo  
As down the track he sped.

So into the silent night  
You could hear his whistle wail  
Looking neither left or right  
He et up another rail.

Whooo Woooo Woo Woo

-Wm. Trenholme-

## SENSE OR nonsense





## GOOD OLD DAYS

When I was young, I blamed my fate,  
I thought I knew the score.  
I'd been born too darned late  
To get in on the floor.

But I've wised up, today I know  
And surely to my sorrow  
Today's high prices are tomorrow low,  
Today's, the "Good Old Days", tomorrow.

The good old days they talked about  
While of today complain  
Were days the old folks did without  
So I could ride the "Gravy Train."

They talk about the "Good Old Day,"  
With cheap steak and flour,  
But wouldn't want the take home pay  
Of twenty cents an hour.

Distant pastures, always green  
That's just an old time fable.  
The best old days I've ever seen  
I sat down at the "Old Man's" table.

Not a bit of care or worry  
Just so I had my fill,  
I know now it made Dad hurry  
To always pay the grocery bill.

But I'll take these modern days  
Since you are unable  
To restore those "Good Old Days"  
With my feet under the "Old Man's" table.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### PROBLEM SOLVED

Primitive man when old and spent  
And couldn't hunt or pay the rent,  
Was gently bashed upon the head  
No problem now since he is dead.

Now that was cruel, sure enough,  
And we are made of kinder stuff.  
We raise the price on grocery shelves  
And let them slowly starve themselves.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### APOLOGIES TO OLD MOTHER HUBBORD

Old Lady Moore, went to the store,  
(Her pet dog must be fed)  
But meat was so high  
That she couldn't buy  
So she ate the doggie instead.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### THE PANHANDLER

Hey, gimme a cigarette  
I'm out of matches too.  
Haven't got my Welfare yet,  
Or I'd not bother you.

Don't tell me 'bout tax abuse  
As some others try to do.  
The amount of liquor that I use  
I'll bet I pay more tax than you.

When my Welfare check does come  
And if I see you 'round here  
I'll prove that I am not a bum  
Cause I'll buy you a beer.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### ALIBIS

Should I give thanks and bow my head  
For the fallen crumbs of bread,  
When all around me I can see  
Others bask in luxury?

When I see some eating cake  
And I'm unable to partake,  
I know there's something wrong with me,  
(If they got it honestly.)

Maybe it is up to me  
To meet my life differently.  
Bread lines are full of good losers  
Who say "Beggars can't be choosers."

-Wm. Trenholme-



### DIAGNOSIS

I was working on a farm,  
Fourteen hours every day.  
I always slept in the barn,  
In the loft, upon the hay.

I got a touch of rheumatiz,  
And I could hardly walk.  
The boss told me a friend of his  
Would take me to the doc.

When we got to the town,  
The doctor looked at me.  
After prodding up and down,  
"There's nothing wrong that I can see."

"Your condition is quite fair,"  
Then to my surprise,  
"All you need is more fresh air,  
And a lot of exercise."

-Wm. Trenholme-

### FALSE ASSUMPTION

I went in to see a doc,  
I thought I'd sprained my wrist,  
But I landed on the cot  
Of a psychiatrist.

The name was dim upon the door,  
And I was suffering pain.  
I'd never seen the doc before  
And hope I don't again.

Do you hear a ringing sound?  
Do unseen people talk to you  
When no one is around?  
And I answered "Yes, thats true."

The doctor smirked, nodded his head  
And seemed quite satisfied,  
Then his face got real red  
When I explained my side.

The ringing sound comes you see  
When I'm at home alone,  
And unseen people talk to me  
When answering my phone.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## TWO PAINTERS

Two painters went, with one desire,  
Into the world to find  
A scene to paint that would inspire,  
And be remembered by mankind.

One gazed upon the sunset,  
Clear sky and towering pine,  
This on canvas he would set  
To be his track, in sands of time.

The City dump, the others choice,  
With all its ugliness --  
His would be a "silent Voice,"  
To help erase the sordidness.

The one of Beauty, in a hall  
Is viewed with hi-delight.  
The City Dump, not hung at all  
Is filed away, out of sight.

Although the picture long has died,  
The Artist too is dead,  
The City Dump was beautified  
A park is in its stead.

So when you look for Beauty,  
Always bear in mind,  
Underneath the ugly  
There's beauty you can find.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## "GET LOST"

If you get lost in the forest  
Or get lost on the plains  
Here's a tip, it works best,  
I've tried again and again.

Lay out a game of solitaire  
Then take a little snooze.  
When you wake, someone is there  
To tell you how to move.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## EGO

When you look upon a mighty dam  
And fill your chest with pride,  
This has been the work of man,  
And Nature we've defied.

But when you see the canyon wall  
About ten times as high,  
Your dam seems so very small,  
Dwarfed by Nature to the eye.

Nature carved those walls with care,  
And worked since time began.  
It is folly to compare  
The puny work of man.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### VIEWPOINT

My wife dislikes to offend  
And avoids it when she can.  
I once heard her tell a friend  
She had a "model" man.

I puffed up twice my size,  
Walked on air - content.  
But I failed to realize  
What was really meant.

It was Webster's definition,  
Which brought on the sting.  
"Model" - small imitation  
Of the actual thing.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### CYNIC

Curse the cynic? He deserves praise,  
He's a necessity.  
When my ego's on the raise  
He puts a curb on me.  
My virtues he will minimize,  
My faults he will up-grade,  
My every move he'll scrutinize  
To see what progress I have made.  
When I fill up with false pride  
And think I'm quite a prize,  
The cynic's there at my side  
To cut me down to size.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## THANKFUL

I'm thankful I'm a man  
And not a lady fair.  
People take me as I am  
And no one seems to care.

If my hair is long and shaggy  
Or if I'm bald on top  
They all know its nature  
And not just a beauty shop.

If nature left a bulge or two  
A girdle makes them chic.  
If it left them flat and thin  
Sponge rubber does the trick.

If poet Kipling lived today  
And saw our lady fair  
He wouldn't change his line a bit  
"A rag - a bone - a hank of hair."

Sounds as though I'm trying  
To put them on the pan.  
I'm not at all, I love them,  
But I'm thankful I'm a man.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## WEATHER

Yes, I'm hard to satisfy.  
Too hot, too cold, too wet, too dry.  
I have traveled 'round and 'round  
But Utopia I've not found.

When it's hot I can stand the cold,  
(It's the heat that makes me scold.)  
When it's cold I like the heat,  
(It's the cold that has me beat.)

If it's wet the mud I hate,  
(Dust is something I can take.)  
When it's dry and dusty too  
I want rain with all it's goo.

Guess I'll have to travel on,  
(Here today, tomorrow gone.)  
Until I can get together  
With the One who runs the weather.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## HAVE A NICE DAY

When you're discouraged, feeling blue  
And wondering what you should do,  
You want words that are sincere  
It's not sham you want to hear.  
It does not help in any way  
To have some phoney up and say  
"Have a nice day."

Went to the bank to get a loan  
Needed repairs for my home.  
"Things look bad at this time,  
Couldn't lend a single dime."  
And then, as I turned away  
I couldn't help but hear him say  
"Have a nice day."

I could have sat down and cried  
The vet told me my cow had died.  
He had a wife, six kids to feed  
Cash is what he would need.  
I knew he would smile and say  
"Have a nice day."

Checkers smile at you until  
They have your money in the till.  
They are polite only when  
They see you in their line again.  
The cash bell rings when you pay  
Reminding them they must say  
"Have a nice day."

I know they could not care less  
If I'm glad, or in distress.  
It's the commercial thing to do  
It will always fool a few.  
That is why, when you pay  
They will smile at you and say  
"Have a nice day."

-Wm. Trenholme-

## TODAY

You have one chance, and only one  
To wisely use "Today"  
You can't undo what you've done,  
Nor retract what you say.

Weigh each act and word with care  
Before you pass them on,  
It's easier to stop it here  
Then right it later on.

"Forgive and forget," some will say,  
And "forgive" we all can,  
But remember, through the day  
"Forgetting" is denied to man.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## WASHINGTON

The Father of our country,  
Of whom we praise so high  
Hacked into the cherry tree,  
Then couldn't tell a lie.

All this happened long ago  
The history books will tell,  
When lies were something to forego,  
The truth did just as well.

But now-a-days it's changed a lot,  
With all this hi-finance  
He'd have to learn to lie and plot  
Or never stand a chance.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### EAGER BEAVERS

We send men off to Congress,  
In hopes of some square deals.  
But they only fight and fuss  
And snap each other's heels.

"I want this, and I want that."  
(It costs a pretty penny.)  
"You help me fill my hat,  
Or I won't help you any."

There's one thing, you will note,  
On which they all agree.  
They'll be there when they vote,  
To give themselves more money.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### THE BATTLE

I have had a ringside seat  
At Nature vs Man.  
Man thinks that he can compete  
And upset Natures' plan.

Man may out point in a round  
And sneer with his derision,  
But in the end it will be found  
Nature win's the decision.

So Man thinks he can change  
The balance Nature set,  
And give nothing in exchange,  
(He hasn't done it yet.)

Nature fights hard, but slow,  
And as the seconds mount,  
She will have the final blow  
And man will take the count.

-Wm. Trenholme-

-Wm. Trenholme-



### BICENTENNIAL REBUKE

Greed has made our country great,  
Natural resources yours to take.  
Grab it all, fast as you can,  
Give no thought to future man.

Dump your waste in rivers clean,  
Let it wash right down the stream.  
Give no thought to those below,  
Let them move above the flow.

Scar the hillsides digging coal,  
Enormous profits, that's the goal.  
Spoil the land for years to come,  
Give no thought to anyone.

Ship our grain overseas,  
They'll pay us what they please.  
If they don't, do not fear,  
Our poor can wait another year.

Sell our oil to Japan,  
Then buy some back, if we can.  
If we can't, why should I care,  
If it's made me a millionare.

Sell resources from our store.  
When they're gone there'll be no more.  
We'll have money in our vaults,  
But as food - it has it's faults.

Yes - greed made our country great.  
Stop it now, before too late.  
Greed shall make our nation die,  
If on greed alone we still rely.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### TRUE VALUE

When you have friendships that fit,  
Like comfortable old shoes,  
Appreciate and treasure it,  
Cause its too good to lose.

Their faults we must ignore,  
(We, too, have faults no end),  
We should correct our own before  
We criticize our friend.

-Wm. Trenholme-

### VENEER

Lady Luck has smiled at you  
If you can number ten  
Friends who'll stick and see you thru,  
And not just now and then.

Count the ones who smiled, then flew,  
And then I think you'll own  
A Friend is one who still likes you  
After your faults are known.

-Wm. Trenholme-



### RESTORATION

When harsh words have been spoken  
And a friendship almost broken,  
Ask yourself, "Am I to blame?"  
Let the other do the same.

It may be a different story  
If one will say "I'm sorry."  
Don't wait till it's too late,  
Slighted friendship turns to hate.

If you're wrong apologize.  
It's easy when you realize  
That you will bask in glory  
When you tell your friend "I'm sorry."

--Wm. Trenholme--

### TOLERANCE

Let me not condemn  
(Tho they may err in their ways)  
The acts of fellow men.  
"Judge Not" the Good Book says.

Who am I to decide  
Or cast a "guilty" vote.  
Who am I to see their side  
While in my eye a mote.

So let me, for two moons  
Walk in their moccasins  
Lest I shall, all too soon  
Ill judge my fellow men.

--Wm. Trenholme--

### FRIEND OR FOE

I want no part of those who say  
"I have no enemy"  
For they're the ones who will sway  
From friend too foe, too easily.

To take a stand you know is right  
And hold for all to see,  
Puts you in a sorry plight,  
For you have made an enemy.

--Wm. Trenholme--



## BAIT

She sat alone, all forlorn  
Regretting the day she'd been born.  
She had set out to catch a male  
Using tricks which seldom fail.

She'd powdered her nose and roughed her lip  
Practiced a walk with swinging hips,  
Perfected a smile, almost coy,  
Then set out to catch a boy.

He came along and picked her up,  
They danced and wined, then did sup.  
She realized, after the fun,  
The bait was gone - the trap unsprung.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## SMILES

Some gals like their teeth to bare  
And pass it for a smile,  
Or twist their lips and baby stare  
And get by for a while.

But listen ladies, one and all  
I want you all to hear.  
I'd rather get no smiles at all  
Then one that's not sincere.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## ASPECT

It may be right to put roots down  
And flourish like a weed,  
Amass great wealth "A Midas Crown"  
Then finally go to seed.

But Nature has grandeur to see  
And it's just around the bend.  
That is what has beaconed me  
When I had time to spend.

I've seen Mother Nature smile  
And I've seen her frown.  
I don't regret a single mile  
I've traveled here and yon.

If I lived my life again  
My travels wouldn't cease.  
I will stop only when  
My wheel chair needs grease.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## AGE

Age is robbing me of sight,  
And I can hardly see.  
Day is much like the night  
Except in memory.

I see friends as they were  
When I could fully see.  
They will never be a blurr  
In my memory.

It is hard for me to hear  
Notes of a symphony,  
But the joy is always there  
In my memory.

I still have my sense of taste  
As you can plainly see,  
But the trimness of my waist  
Is just a memory.

I still have the sense to smell  
Flowers which I can't see.  
Their beauty will always dwell  
In my memory.

I still have my sense of touch  
To feel what I can't see.  
I wouldn't miss it as much  
As my memory.

I can live without all these,  
But listen to my plea.  
All I ask is please, o please,  
Leave me my memory.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## RETIREMENT

When I arise, I plan ahead.  
There is much - too much - to do.  
I can't be here in my bed  
And loaf the whole day through.

I'll start breakfast to cook  
And maybe take a shave.  
For my dentures I will look,  
And that way, time I'll save.

Dinner over, dishes done,  
I think I'll take a walk.  
I am peppy - just eighty-one,  
I went clear 'round the block.

I'll lay out some solitaire,  
If I can find the time.  
All work - no play - isn't fair,  
An old adage of mine.

Wind the clock, put out the cat,  
And my day's work is done.  
I can still do all that,  
Even if I'm eighty-one.

-Wm. Trenholme-



## FATE OR FOLLY

I thought I'd take a little walk  
To see what I could see.  
Before I'd gone a city block  
Bad luck caught up with me.

A little dog, kind unknown,  
Came dashing to the street.  
Seeing I was all alone,  
Said, "I guess you are my meat."

I thought I'd use diplomacy  
And talk real nice to him.  
When he came up close to me  
I kicked him in the chin.

He let out a yelp of pain,  
And then he fled for home.  
If he sees me again  
He'll know I'm not a bone.

A little farther along  
A lady washed her 'Capri'.  
I had done nothing wrong  
But she turned the hose on me.

I turned around, headed home,  
'Cause this was not my day.  
I'd been mistaken for a bone  
And soaking wet with spray.

I stopped under a shade tree  
'Cause I could hardly breathe,  
When something soft dropped on me  
And I saw a birdie leave.

I don't like to complain  
Of such a little thing,  
But I can not explain  
Why to others he will sing.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## 3 R'S

When I was young, I went to school  
And learned about "Three R's"  
Learned about the "Golden Rule"  
These things modern teaching bars.

Why should our youth learn to read  
With a TV close at hand?  
They hear the news with great speed  
But don't fully understand.

Why should they learn to write  
When typewriters do it better?  
Since they don't know how to type,  
They'll never write a letter.

They have a thing which calculates  
Adds, divides, and subtracts  
And it doesn't make mistakes  
If it's fed all the facts.

Are we wasting what we earn  
By sending them to school  
If they do not have to learn  
The old fashioned Golden Rule?

-Wm. Trenholme-



## JUSTICE OF THE 70's

Yes, Judge, I was in that house.  
I didn't think they would care.  
I was quiet as a mouse,  
They never knew I was there.

My folks are poor, like church mice,  
And cannot buy me much,  
I wanted things that are nice,  
Like TVs, sterios, and such.

I am only twenty-two,  
And do not have a job.  
There's nothing else I can do  
But push the dope and rob.

I just took the TV  
And headed for the door,  
The rug slipped from under me,  
And I fell to the floor.

I think I should collect  
For injuries done to me  
Caused by their neglect,  
And things I couldn't see.

The judge wiped away a tear,  
And cited a statute.  
The homeowner must appear  
And face a damage suit.

-Wm. Trenholme-

## RELIGIOUS COURTESY

He left for Church a little late,  
So he speeded out the gate.

Traffic heavy right hand lane,  
He crowded in, just the same.

Then you could smell his rubber burn  
As he made a left hand turn.

He stopped traffic with a jerk  
But the other driver wasn't hurt.

I hope St Peter understood  
His excuse for being rude.

-Wm. Trenholme-



1/365 TH

Should we need a special day  
To tell loved ones that we care?  
There must be a better way  
To show them that we are aware  
And to us they mean a lot,  
That loyal friendship can't be bought.

We send a card or telephone,  
And speak a word of cheer,  
Then we leave them all alone  
Till we have passed another year.

I know I should not criticize  
Or tell others what to do  
'Cause now and then I realize  
That I am guilty too.

-Wm. Trenholme-

THANKS

You've made my life brighter  
As I have traveled through,  
You've made my load lighter  
Just by knowing you.

Have I ever said, "I thank you"  
For what you've done for me?  
If I haven't now, I do  
In all sincerity.

-Wm. Trenholme-



WILLIAM N. TRENHOLME

Although Bill Trenholme is a native of North Dakota his childhood was spent in Eaton, Colorado. He began writing poetry in high school. After graduation he joined the American Expeditionary Force in World War I and served for a year in Italy and France. After returning home Bill married and worked as a chemist for a sugar company in Colorado. In 1936 he moved with his wife and three children to the Big Horn Valley in Montana, where he began farming and growing livestock. He and his wife continue to make their home on the farm, but they enjoy their winters in Mexico.



